

# THE GREEN CALDRON

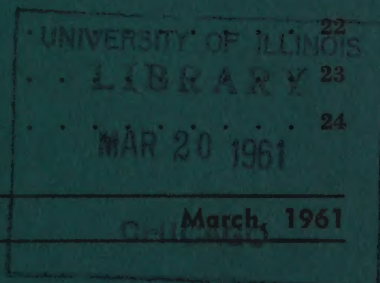
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## CONTENTS

<i>Anthony Barba: 5632 on a Fantrip</i>	1
<i>Jane Lewis: The Trouble with Harry</i>	2
<i>Elizabeth C. Krohne: Communication Equals Civilization</i>	3
<i>Michael Blum: Great-Aunt Florence</i>	4
<i>David Richey: Political Speaking</i>	5
<i>Michael Burnett: Testament of Beauty</i>	7
<i>Mark Johnson: The Color of Red</i>	11
<i>Donald E. Martin: Ascent from the Cave</i>	12
<i>Jerry Sullivan: The Recruit</i>	13
<i>George Rotramel: The Phoenix</i>	14
<i>George Reynolds: The Invisible World</i>	15
<i>Richard Daily: The 1948 Bollingen Prize in Poetry Controversy</i>	16
<i>Paragraphs</i>	22
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	23
<i>The Contributors</i>	24

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# 5632 on a Fantrip

ANTHONY BURBA

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

IN THE LATE 1950'S, WHEN RAILROAD DIESELIZATION WAS AL-  
most complete, when the last steam trains were inexorably rushing into  
oblivion, an anachronistic headlight appeared in the darkness. The headlight  
belonged to No. 5632, a mighty Class 05b Northern of the Chicago, Burlington,  
and Quincy Railroad. This engine has been hauling the Burlington's railfan  
specials for over two years, and to railfans she now seems almost alive. Let's  
board her for a trip to Galesburg.

As we enter the trainshed at Chicago's Union Station, the old, familiar  
sounds of railroading surround us; men shout, steam traps hiss angrily, and  
an air pump throbs somewhere up ahead. We walk past our long, streamlined  
train, up to the head end to view our motive power. The great beast sits quietly  
now, surrounded by the sweet smell of escaping steam and warm grease. The  
engineer and conductor are comparing watches in long-hallowed railroad tra-  
dition.

It's almost time to leave now, so let's board the open-door baggage car from  
which we can see and hear the engine. The conductor swings on, shouts "All  
aboard!" and waves his arm out the door. The train starts without a jerk. The  
5632's exhaust reverberates mightily inside the huge trainshed, and she suddenly  
emerges into the morning sunlight.

Switch crews watch her pass, smoke pouring from her squat stack, her big  
drivers whirling faster and faster as she nears the yard limits. As we pass the  
V-shaped yard limit sign, the engineer blows the whistle for a junction. Loud  
and clear the "oowah-wah-wah" of her five-chime whistle floats back to us.

As we move through the suburbs, we pick up speed. We wave gaily to the  
few suburbanites who happen to be up early this Sunday morning, gazing in  
reminiscent awe at this memento of childhood. Small children jump up and  
down, pointing with glee at possibly the first real "choo-choo" train they have  
ever seen. We pass MK tower at Aurora with clear track ahead.

Out on the mainline, our engineer opens up the throttle. The former chuffing  
of the exhaust is now a steady roar. The black smoke is no longer an ostrich  
plume; now it lies tight down along the top of the tender and the string of  
smooth chromium coaches. See the blur of the side rods, the long roll of white  
steam as she brakes for the highway circuit, the smoke and steam curling around  
the signal arm after we pass. Hear the clanking of the rods, the throb of air  
pumps, the mighty hiss of steam as the pop valves lift. Hear the clanging of  
the bell at a grade crossing, the hollow roll on the bridge, the crash of wheels  
on crossing diamond, the thunder of the exhaust. Hear the whistle blow!

Having reached Galesburg, we slow down and finally stop. The engine rides



the turntable and takes on water. Then she is coupled onto the train again for the return to Chicago. With a soft sigh, the air brakes go into release. We start out slowly with the cylinder cocks open, and we go along "sweesh, sweesh, sweesh" with white streaks lancing out each side. As we hit the high iron again, we pick up speed and roar along through the night. The crisp sound of the 5632's exhaust drifts back, mingled with the heartbreaking moan of her whistle. Look up ahead. See the moon in the midnight smoke, the momentary glow of the firebox, the bright oscillating headlight flashing on the rails ahead. The engine is running hard in the moonlight now, clean and black and huge—the Burlington's last great steam locomotive, the 5632, blasting the rails home, music of the whistle, high drivers in thunder!

## The Trouble with Harry

JANE LEWIS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

"When I hear people say they have not found a science so agreeable or interesting as to be in love with it, or that they look with pleasure at not having to study it, I am apt to think they have never been properly alive, nor seen with clear vision the world they think so meanly of, or anything in it—not even the clothes they wear."

—HARRY CARL

HARRY PROBABLY WILL NEVER REALLY MARRY A WOMAN because he is in love with a science, or perhaps a harem of sciences. Apparently they gave him birth and have never since failed to bring him his spectacles every morning. However, his mistresses, typically feminine, have, without his knowing it, colored the glasses so that he views with love only that which comes to him from their hands. And so these mother-mistress-servant sciences have Harry in their power, and the trouble with Harry is he does not know it.

Harry believes he is wise; he believes he has found the key to living in the study of parts of life. I think he is wrong to conjugate life and equate it and peer at it through a microscope. I have seen many people who are so involved in one particular subject that they have almost forgotten how to talk politely with another person who does not share their confined enthusiasm. These are aspiring young students, intellectual, middle-aged professors, and tired old men who are skilled in one "field" or another but have no knowledge of the art of living. They study all their lives about one or two tiny pieces of human learning, and then, after they have used up their lifetimes, find that what they know is not really so important.

Harry ought to go out and live a little, breathe a little, maybe even marry a little. I think he would find there is much more to life than the study of it. But the trouble with Harry is—he probably never will. His mistresses will not allow it.

# Communication Equals Civilization

ELIZABETH C. KROHNE

*Rhetoric 101, Final Examination*

GOOD RHETORIC IS NOT IN ITSELF EITHER A MYSTERY OR an occult art. It is the result of the conscientious and unified employment of several skills for the purpose of lucid communication. The subject to be communicated might be the result of student research, an account written home of daily events, or a job application. Practical uses of rhetoric confront us every day, and most students are aware of its importance in these applications. If this were all good writing meant, it could be said that most people are successful writers.

To say, however, that rhetoric is only useful on a practical level is to strip it of its most important dimension, to make of it another mechanical and brute accomplishment. Rhetoric does not begin with words on paper. It should begin somewhere within the human being, with whatever is essential and original about that being. Rhetorical skills like definition, logic, and organization of ideas help a man grasp and define his own uniqueness, as do poetic and artistic intuitions. The goal of knowledge, as it was expressed in *Dr. Zhivago*, is "to call everything in the universe by its right name." A rhetorical goal might be to call everything by its right name in terms of one's own uniqueness yet in terms accessible to as large an audience as possible. In short, the rhetorical goal is to say what no one else could ever have said in precisely the same way, yet to say it in a way that all can understand.

Experience is colorful and ever-varying for each individual. Suppose three people see a tree trunk with snow bending along it. One might describe the snow as seeming to rest calmly on the tree's gentle breast, another might say it was clinging there resisting the rudeness of the wind, and the third perhaps would imagine the snow strangling the tree with icy fingers. Each formula contributes in some way to the reader's picture of the actual sight, and each tells us something of the writer's personality or mood at the moment he saw it. To command word shadings, metaphors, rhythm, and diction successfully is to be able to reveal an original and human viewpoint.

Is this to say, then, that rhetoric serves only as a vehicle for the expression of individual self? For if so, it is not of very great help to man in society, although it certainly may gratify him in a selfish sense. No, for rhetoric should not stop at the revelation of individuality, but should perform an interpretive function as well. That original and valuable vision must be shared; and every sincere man is hungry to share it.

As rhetoric helps us define ourselves, then, it employs a medium which is universal—language and connotation. Because the medium is universal, the human, through communication, associates himself with humanity in general.



This is the process of civilization in action, and it can be seen that communication and civilization are parts of, or words for, the same process, the relation of many parts within a harmonious whole.

There is no skill, no art whose development is more desperately important to the well-being of the world. Human beings seem less and less to be grasping and valuing their own uniqueness, and at the same time they have less and less to say to each other. The most profound human desires today are for economic security, peace, and the worth of the individual. But until we all are convinced of the universality of these desires, we cannot unite to secure them. For this reason, the development of skill in verbal and written communication ought to be a primary goal of every thoughtful person.

## Great-Aunt Florence

MICHAEL BLUM

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

MY GREAT-AUNT FLORENCE WAS BORN IN THE DAYS WHEN fathers slept with muzzle-loaders at their sides, not because there was any real danger from the Indians, but, just to be sure. Aunt Florence was a young lady when Henry Ford invented his horseless carriage, and when the Wright brothers experimented with powered flight. After that, it took thirty-five more years to make Aunt Florence old, and it has been twenty-five years since then, so you might very well call her senile, and in many ways she is. Her walk is not a walk, but a series of steps in which each successive planting and pushing forward seems more an end than a means for getting about.

On some mornings, her almost round figure, bright in gingham apron and sun-bonnet, will find its way to the rows of pansies that flank the gravel walk. Here, she does painstaking things with scissors, or she drops a half-gloved hand to pull a small amount of ragweed.

In afternoons, when the sun creeps along the ragged carpet in the dining room, she is there, sitting and rocking back and forth over a loose floor board. The sun doesn't seem kind to her then. Its light dulls her hair, sharpens her nose, yellows her lifeless skin, catches every bit of her wispy mustache, deepens the hollows of her cheeks and accentuates the unconscious trembling of her lips and chin. But Aunt Florence doesn't care about these things. She claims the sun eases her limbs, and oils her "jints."

If you stay to talk to her for a little while, you will become forgetful of her age and be captivated by her voice and eyes. She can tell about the first horseless carriage, or about the organ which she keeps shiny new, although her husband, who played it, has been dead for fifteen years. With the wave of her hand, she can brush away half a century as you sit in the sunlight by her rocker.

# Political Speaking

The nature of the assignment for this theme should be obvious. Unfortunately, the two speeches are too long to be printed here.

DAVID RICHEY

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

TODAY THERE SEEMS TO BE A NOTICEABLE LACK OF CLARITY in political speaking. This may or may not stem from dishonesty or reluctance of the politician to state the facts, but it has caused the political picture to become distorted with prejudice and clouded with generality.

Even in a seemingly straightforward speech, such as that of Adlai E. Stevenson, critical inspection and objective questioning can detect many of the ambiguities and generalities behind which modern politics have taken refuge.<sup>1</sup> In his article, "Politics and the English Language," George Orwell makes many charges against the language of politics.<sup>2</sup> Some of the characteristics that Orwell objects to are exhibited in Stevenson's speech. Stevenson *seems*, in general, to be concrete in his statements. That is, he elaborates upon some of the indefinite phrases he uses, and, thereby, feigns their clarification. He defines "human decency" as "a decent living wage . . . insurance against the risks of disability and unemployment . . . assurance of solid, not token, security when life's work is done." However, critical analysis reveals his definition to be analogous to defining a word in terms of itself. Some indefinite words which he doesn't even attempt to define are the common words of "democracy . . . equality . . . security" which the public has ceased to question. These glittering generalities play an integral part in making Stevenson's speech meaningless.

Another feature of this speech is the common political practice of attempting to add color to the speech through the use of metaphors. Thus appear such hackneyed metaphors as "write . . . into the hearts," "quicksand of depression," and "keystone of democracy." Seemingly limited to the same handful of metaphors as his contemporaries, Stevenson causes his speech to assume a resemblance to all speeches using similar metaphors. It may be said to his credit that he does avoid the pretentiousness which so often accompanies metaphors; he yields to this temptation only once—when he uses the word "gloriously."

Although Stevenson is generally unemotional in his wording, he does let some emotional phrases slip into his speech. The brevity of his statements about labor laws hardly justifies his reference to the "ugly sneers at labor unions" and "legal barbed wire" of these laws. Another phrase which unobtrusively preju-

<sup>1</sup> "Labor Policy," *Speeches* (New York: Random House, 1952), pp. 51-53.

<sup>2</sup> *Form and Thought in Prose* (New York: Ronald Press Co., 1960), pp. 48-60.



dices the listener is "politically inspired," a phrase which could have been omitted in the presence of the justifiable word "biased."

In reference to the form of his speech, it must be admitted that Stevenson has organized his speech well. He states the purpose of his speech, states the points upon which he bases his views, and then elaborates upon each point. It is unfortunate that the logic of his organization is overshadowed by an inaccuracy of phrasing. When the emotional phrases are combined with the meaningless words, the result is nothing but a new formula for political double-talk.

A contrast to Stevenson's speech is one given by Barry Goldwater before the American Cattlemen's Association.<sup>3</sup> Goldwater's most flagrant offense is that of using emotional wording. Although this practice often diminishes the audience's awareness of meaningless words, Goldwater obviously does use words that prevent any concrete statements. These can be classified primarily as glittering generalities. "Independence . . . freedom . . . charity" are admittedly noble words, but they convey no more concrete ideas for Goldwater than they did for Stevenson. Goldwater, too, is subject to the allure of metaphors, the same metaphors which have been used for many campaigns. "Whipping boy" and "foot the bill" have long been used to describe abuses of political power.

In his article, "Emotional Meanings," Robert H. Thouless discussed the offense which appears so extensively in Goldwater's speech.<sup>4</sup> "Intervention" constitutes a point of view, and "Washington language" and "know-it-alls" definitely destroy any possibility of a fair, logical speech being presented.

Another displeasing aspect of Goldwater's speech is the artificiality of his approach to the audience. He first flatters them by considering it "a real privilege to appear before a group of Americans who have steadfastly maintained their independence and . . . economic freedom." He then compliments them on their lack of gullibility in dealing with the government. He openly courts their favor in his analogies to "a herd of boarder cows" and to a calf and its mother, and in his references to his "friends in the cattle business." This can hardly be interpreted as indicating anything other than Goldwater's attempt to disguise the shallowness of his speech by the use of emotion.

The speeches of Stevenson and Goldwater are good examples of the flaws of modern political speaking, Stevenson exemplifying the art of using meaningless words and Goldwater exhibiting his proficiency at clouding the facts with emotion and prejudice. Only when the American voters realize how the degeneration of political speaking weakens the government will they reject such superficiality and demand more concrete statements, from which must necessarily arise a government more representative of the people's desire.

<sup>3</sup> "We Cannot Have Economic Freedom and Political Dictation," *Vital Speeches of the Day*, XXV, No. 11 (March 15, 1960), pp. 337-339.

<sup>4</sup> *Form and Thought in Prose* (New York: Ronald Press Co., 1960), pp. 98-108.



# Testament of Beauty

MICHAEL BURNETT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

WE IN AMERICA ARE SUFFERING FROM A PECULIAR *MAL du siecle*, a disease which E. M. Forster was wont to call the "undeveloped heart." The symptoms are many. One of the most common is the fast, driving, frantic compulsion which seems to push us back and forth at a frenzied pace. The endless search for artificial stimulants, the hunger for "fun" and "play," has produced in us new emotions, new concepts, even new morality so that, as a result, we have become an entirely different society from that of twenty years ago. According to Clifton Fadiman, in his *Any Number Can Play*, a series of essays pleading for more use of the intellect and less of the television set,

We are suffering from an excess of control, or apparent control, of our environment, and from an excess of stimuli, available everywhere and at all times. The lack-luster face of the subway rider reading his newspaper; the vacant look of the moviegoer emerging from his dark cave; the unexpectant countenances of the citizens swarming along Broadway: these are all pictures of a special boredom. Not unhappiness, not fatigue, and certainly not aristocratic ennui; but that odd modern *stunned* look that comes of a surfeit of toys and a deficiency of thoughts.

We are no longer aware. We have lost the power of appreciation, or, if indeed some remnant of consciousness of the world around us still exists, we are very careful to conceal it because of our fear of ridicule by our contemporaries. We may, at first, notice the beauty of a flower, but we would certainly not proclaim its beauty in the company of our friends. Soon, as a result of this careful control of our emotions, we begin not to notice the flower at all. In this way we become insensitive to everything around us.

We still need stimulation, however, and, having grown insensitive to the natural joys of existence, we turn to artificial ones. Man-made machines of excitement—our modern "toys"—tempt us on all sides. Such things as movies, television, pinball machines, automatic bowling alleys, trampoline-centers, and go-cart tracks reflect this growing need. Aldous Huxley, in his *Brave New World*, recognized this trend. He pictured children playing with expensive mechanical equipment, elaborate "toys" designed to toss a ball to the various participants. This use of expensive and elaborate devices for play Huxley attributes to the needs of the economic system, the capitalistic vicious-circle he was so afraid of. If this, indeed, were the cause of the use of such "toys," (and it is frightening to realize that such things as Huxley describes have already appeared and are enjoying great popularity) our task would be relatively simple: we would need only to change, to an extent, the system of our economy. Unfortunately, the *raison d'être* of these blights is much more deeply rooted.

The capitalistic system only provides the machines, but without public consumption (and obviously the public values and desires are not based upon the economic necessities) production could not long continue. Obviously, then, we must not look to the capitalistic system for the assessment of blame, but rather to the mores and values of the people themselves.

First of all, it is easier *not* to notice the flower, but simply pass it by. It is easier to be mesmerized by the television set, the pinball machine, and the motion picture than it is to read a book or understand a painting. We have come to understand the word "leisure" as a synonym for "play" and "play" as a synonym for "relaxation." We have worked hard at our vocation, and now we feel we are entitled, nay *required*, to suspend all thought and to "play." We have, during our work, done something, created something, and for this we have earned money. We feel that during our free time we are obligated to do nothing, to create nothing, and to spend money, and that if we fail in this duty we are not using our time as we should.

Secondly, in this complex world where "the unusual is commonplace, and the impossible will take only a little time," we have come to expect the spectacular, the flashy, the big, the complex, and finally—strangely enough—the expensive. Anything less than this is unworthy of our glance. Thus, while the simple wooden top or the paper kite satisfied our fathers, it takes a five-hundred dollar behemoth of an electric computer, complete with flashing bulbs, round steel balls, and little coin slots to interest us. Please understand. I am not bemoaning the days gone by when things were simpler. They were fraught with such hardships that we (who complain so bitterly when the television set remains more than a day in the repair shop) could never face them. Instead, it is this fact that bothers me: With each new development, each new toy—wonder piles on wonder—we become less and less content with what we have, and more and more impatient for the next to come. Thus, we tend to be living only for the future. Our discontent and impatience with the present leads us to rush madly from *here* and from *now* to a rather doubtful *there* and *then*. But—a fact realized by the schoolboy and all too little by us—we can never arrive at *there* or *then*, and so our search is never satisfied but must continue endlessly.

Clifton Fadiman feels, and one is inclined to agree with him, that we are, in using time in this way, throwing away all the values we work for and, in fact, misusing all the attributes that make life something more than mere existence. One might ask what true existence really is, or rather what it *should* be. It seems that, to many life is a series of battles, and nothing more. The constant struggle for betterment often becomes a warped desire wherein the struggle becomes the way of life, perfection the unattainable goal, and status the only recompense. We have known many men to whom leisure is a bitter end, to whom endless strife is the only value worthwhile—men who, no matter how wealthy they may be, are never satisfied, never content. These men, even though they have



attained what we have come to consider the ultimate goals of life—monetary security and social status—consider their lives a failure. They have come to consider money as an end rather than a means, and are thus never happy. Avarice is not their problem. Habit, however, is.

The self-styled aesthete is another life-waster. Feigning knowledge in all the arts, the snob invariably has but one reason for his affected appreciation of "the higher things in life" (a favorite phrase among these people), and that is his desire for social recognition. Disdaining all practical things in life as being too plebeian, the snob makes his distaste known to all. He is so concerned about the social acceptability of what he must profess to enjoy that he not only refuses to sample things which are not in vogue at the time, but cannot even enjoy those that are. Thus his aesthetics become hypocrisy of the worst kind. The habit-entrenched business man is, at least, honest with himself, but the hypocrite is not.

The *student* is in danger of falling into the same extremes of undeveloped heart. Like the business man, he may fail to realize the value of his studies and may think of them simply as obstacles to surmount in the struggle to achieve the all-important goal—good grades. As the business man regards money, so the student may think of his grades. To him, the grades are likely to become an end rather than a means. He will learn only as much as is required to get a good grade. Thus, the student who reads a classic for his own edification or enjoyment is considered a little strange by his fellows. Unfortunately, this misconception about grades is often perpetrated by the instructors. The heavy emphasis placed on grades and the narrow and exact requirements necessary in order to achieve a good grade often lead the student into the false belief that the grades are the real goal of learning.

Again, we may find the snob among the students. The person who uses his knowledge as a battering ram to lower the defenses of those he encounters is using the same hypocritical technique as the social snob. His goal is erudition. His weapon is knowledge. His life is, again, a battle.

Consider, however, the child. In him we find the essence of unsophisticated contentment. He is intensely aware, and will spend hours playing with a leaf. He is joyous, free, unguarded, and naive. As Wordsworth writes, in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality":

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy;  
 The youth, who daily farther from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

Unfettered by the mores and taboos that society seems to impose upon him, the child is one with his soul and with nature. Would we could all return to the innocence and joy of childhood! We have grown older, now, more sophisticated, and, as Wordsworth says, in speaking to the child:

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

With this weight upon his shoulders, Wordsworth says of himself,

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The question now arises whether we should bear the weight, or try to throw it off. Wordsworth fought it, Blake fought it, and, to an extent, all poets fight it. The nature of poetry itself demands a view of life different from the common ones. The same might be said of all art. The artist must, by the nature of his art, render life, experience, and nature in terms different from those we use. He must look at life through the kaleidoscope of his own genius to recognize and finally to pass on to us the many facets that he sees. There are, indeed, many facets to life, and one feels that if he lives in only one of them, dogmatically refusing to glance at others, he is living only a limited portion of his life.

Not all of us have the brilliant awareness of the child, or the kaleidoscopic genius of the artist, but all of us have eyes, all have minds, and all live in a world where wonder surrounds us. If we close our eyes, empty our minds, and tread a narrow path of bare existence we are in grave danger of losing our identity. We are tiny specks in a vast universe. We are a few years in eons of time. We are blessed with eyes, ears, noses, hands, and a muddled, many-channeled gray lump of matter which reasons. We also have the power to alienate these blessings from our existence. Our hands are at the switch. Are we going to close our lives . . . or open them?

By space the universe encompasses and swallows me up like an atom;  
by thought I comprehend the world.

—PASCAL, 1670.



# The Color of Red

MARK JOHNSON

*Rhetoric 101, Book Review*

WITHIN THE PAST THIRTY YEARS, THE TERM "DICTATOR" has taken a connotation which it does not necessarily possess. We have come to associate this word with things evil and sinister. To us, a dictator is a fanatical madman who rules a group of people with a bloody, iron hand. Although we can point to men like Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, and Stalin as ample reason for this generalization, a dictionary definition makes no such delineation. We add meaning to fit a current situation. Likewise, we add to the meaning of the term "democracy." We point to democracy, especially that of our own country, as a system that insures justice and equality. But this term also may be misleading.

Red-blooded democracy and blood-red dictatorship—certainly these two ideologies will always be in direct contrast. But conceivably the added connotations of good and evil could be reversed. There are two works of fiction which might serve as examples of such a reversal. They are Shakespeare's drama *The Tempest* and Aldous Huxley's satirical novel *Brave New World*. A close look at these two contrasting societies and the people in control of each (Prospero in *The Tempest* and Mustapha Mond in *Brave New World*) will show the great danger in the generalizations I have mentioned.

There is no doubt that Prospero is in complete control of his society. This is apparent from the very first when he says, "Lend thy hand and pluck my magic garment from me. . . I have with such provision in mine art/So safely ordered that there is no soul/No not so much perdition as a hair/Betid to any creature in the vessel/Which thou heard'st cry . . ." His omnipotent command is further shown when Ariel, his chief servant, enters and says, "All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come/To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,/To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride/On the curled clouds. To thy strong bidding task/Ariel and all his quality." Although Prospero's means of control would have to be classified as supernatural, we can definitely say that he is a dictator.

In contrast to Prospero we have Mustapha Mond, Resident Controller for Western Europe. His exact role in his society is very hard to specify. At first glance we tend to class him as a dictator also. We class him as such because his "civilization" seems so base and obnoxious to us; it complies with our "connotation." I have come to the conclusion that this society is a democracy, a scientific democracy. Let me explain.

The people in the *Brave New World* are products of science. Their test tube conceptions, their early conditioning, their hypnopaedic instruction, and a rigid caste system have suffocated their souls. The worn cliches, their rules for "happy" living, have been gouged deeply into their minds and have snuffed

out reason and thought. Their will is the will of science. Mustapha Mond is under the control of this society. He is unable to make decisions of his own. The decisions he pretends to make are merely expressions of hypnopaedic clichés. All that he says is riddled with these clichés. Here are four examples from his argument with the Savage in chapters sixteen and seventeen.

1. "Because it's old; that's the chief reason. We haven't any use for old things here."
2. "People are happy; they get what they want, and never want what they can't get."
3. "Call it the fault of civilization. God isn't compatible with machinery and scientific medicine and universal happiness. You must make your choice. Our civilization has chosen machinery and medicine and happiness. That's why I have to keep these books locked up in a safe. They're smut. People would be shocked . . ."
4. "But chastity means passion, chastity means neurasthenia. And passion and neurasthenia mean instability. You can't have a lasting civilization without plenty of pleasant vices."

That is not Mustapha Mond's will. It is the will of his society. He is merely a representative of that society. He passes judgment as demanded by that society. *Brave New World* is a representative democracy.

On one hand we have a sinister democracy in which we wouldn't care to live. On the other hand we have Prospero, the dictator with no malice or revenge in his mind. He is vested with powers he uses firmly but benignly. A common fallacy in our present society is the idea that a *Brave New World* can only be the product of a dictator's mind. With a little thought and effort we can certainly keep a democratic government, such as ours, strong and stable. But can we avoid slipping into a world such as Huxley describes, a civilized inferno of science in which "human beings are to be made the means"?

O *Brave New World* that has such  
helpless people in it.

## Ascent from the Cave

DONALD E. MARTIN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 8*

PLATO WAS WRITING OF LIBERTY IN HIS "ALLEGORY OF THE Cave"—liberty from the shackles of ignorance. His illustration is a concrete one, describing the experience of the mind personified as a whole person. He tells the individual that the attainment of knowledge is a painful experience. There is first the long climb upward, out of the darkness, then the burning glare of the sun. Freedom thus reached is invaluable to the adventurous climber,



but, says Plato, it is completely incomprehensible to those left in darkness. Plato's analogy teaches that knowledge and understanding, though priceless to the possessor, are not available without struggle and anguish.

The recording, preservation, and transmission of the truths attained by those who have endured the climb and the caustic brightness are not matters of less importance. This is the theme of Milton's *Areopagitica*. Milton is speaking to society rather than to an individual. There is as much pain for society in reckoning with newly discovered truths which war against dogma and tradition as there is for man in contending with these truths as they render false his past beliefs.

The prisoners of the cave rejected the adventurer when he returned with visions in color and a third dimension; they clung doggedly to the illusion that the shadows on the wall were reality. So, too, society, even more slow-moving than an individual, will prefer shadows to truth and will vigorously repel any visionary who attempts to show it the objects which were casting the shadows. To this end society burns books—bans them from view so that they will not disturb the comfort and complacency of tradition.

Knowledge is at once a form of liberty and source of pain. But, as T. S. Eliot wrote, "Liberty is a different kind of pain from prison." Certainly we cannot picture Plato's newly enlightened man rejoining his comrades in their ignorance, and we cannot imagine that Milton would admit that repression of books is best for all. For freedom and knowledge are a divine calling that will ever attract those willing to suffer to bring them about. And the discoveries and visions of these courageous ones, Milton would say, must be recorded and passed on for those of other ages who would also make the ascent from the cave to the sunlight, lest posterity be doomed to a prison of ignorance.

## The Recruit

JERRY SULLIVAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

EVERY MAN HAS SOME ELEMENT IN HIS PERSONALITY WHICH sets him apart from everyone else. No matter how much alike a group of people may be, there is always something in each man which is unique to him. But there are times when this uniqueness becomes submerged and every individual becomes so like every other that he seems to be just an interchangeable part of a larger whole. The first week of recruit training is such a time.

Men from every background, men of every degree of intelligence, men of every level of education become reshaped in a common mold that changes them into a shapeless, anonymous mass, totally different from what they were before.

Men just arriving at boot camp still have the stamp of their previous lives on them. There are differences in their styles of dress, in their speech, in their

actions, but one week of boot camp changes all that. Their dress becomes standardized: the shapeless, dark green, ill-fitted dungarees replace the continental suits and the coveralls. Their speech becomes a bastard argot part Southern accent, part military slang, and part illiteracy; men who wouldn't have dreamed of splitting an infinitive split "o'clock" and put a swear word in the middle. Men begin to act alike. They strain desperately to act military, but their salutes are awkward, and their attempts at marching show the stiffness and lack of co-ordination that only experience can change.

Then there is the fear—the vague, generalized ache that makes men want to run, and makes them wonder what in hell they are doing. It shows up in the faces, in a tightness in the voice, and in the mad, implausible rumors about relief from all of this.

The feeling is one of being cut off from everything familiar and thrown into a completely new world. The birth trauma is there all over again.

The men filing out of the PX barber shop, running their hands through the quarter-inch stubble that remains after a recruit cut, know that they have lost more than their hair.

## The Phoenix

GEORGE ROTRAMEL

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

IN THE EARLY HOURS AFTER DAYBREAK ON AN AUTUMN DAY there is a crispness about the atmosphere. The countryside is hidden beneath a veil of frost. Then the sun shines almost too brightly as it turns the icy crystals to glistening dew.

There are always three of us here in the field. There is myself, my gun, and Hans, my Irish setter. We go in search of our quarry, which may lie hidden somewhere in the stubble before us. Now the setter is only an auburn blur, weaving among the corn stalks. Suddenly he ceases his aimless search and becomes rigid. His whole being tenses at the point.

Almost simultaneously I see a burst of color and hear the sharp slap of wings against a frightened, feathered breast. The sun transforms every plume, every feather into a sunburst of color as the bird rockets skyward.

My gaze is riveted on the bird. Instinctively my hands grip the cold, hard steel of the weapon. Its muzzle swings up and I look down the ramp at the bird. A heavy weight slams against my shoulder and I smell the acrid smell of gunpowder. And still the bird, in terror, flees.

One more heartbeat, one more thrust of the wings before the shot can do its work. The sunburst shatters and falls in a shimmering cascade of iridescent color. But the splendor has gone with the life of the bird, for the dog brings back, not what I shot, but only a bloody, shot-spattered cock pheasant. The phoenix at which I shot is far away.



# The Invisible World

GEORGE REYNOLDS  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 5*

ALL OF EXISTENCE IS DIVIDED INTO TWO CATEGORIES: THE visible and the invisible. The ambiguity starts when we realize that most things fall into both divisions. Let us consider an apple. We can pick it up and look closely at its surface, or we can hold it at arm's length and view its general configuration. We can even break it in two and look inside. Yet we have never seen what it is made of. The molecules which compose the parts of the apple and the atoms which compose the molecules are far too small to see, but we can still see the apple. If, however, the apple were moved to a point a mile distant, we again would be unable to see what we were looking at.

Let us consider another sphere: the earth. When we see an apple, we recognize it as being roughly spherical, but when we look out across the earth, we see nothing which would indicate that we are standing on a sphere. An observer placed several thousand miles into space, however, could readily ascertain that the earth is a sphere. To one observer, the earth, as a sphere, is visible, and to the other, it is invisible. We can say, therefore, that visibility may depend upon relative magnitude and position.

Let us consider "apple" as a word. We can see the printed symbols that compose "apple," and we can see the printed word itself. But when a person says, "I am thinking of the word apple," we cannot see the word, yet it exists in the form of a thought. We may say, then, that while a thought itself is invisible, that which is thought of may be represented visibly.

Let us consider another entity: energy. Energy itself is not visible, nor can we see it in its various forms. A beam of light is invisible. An electric current is invisible. We cannot see the momentum of a falling object. But we do know that energy exists, for we see its manifestations. When a beam of light is directed toward the cornea of the eye, a chemical reaction takes place, and we become aware of the presence of the light beam. We can tell that there is electric current in a wire because we can see a magnetic needle react when brought near the wire. We know that the falling object has energy because it does work on any object left in its path. We may say, therefore, that while energy itself is invisible, it may manifest itself visibly.

From what has been said here, we may gather that all things in existence (thought, objects, and energy) may be visible or invisible, depending upon the particular circumstances. Yet it is incorrect to state that something is absolutely invisible. It would be correct to say that through the use of an electron microscope, even an atom may manifest itself as something visible. But we cannot see the particles which compose the world, and we cannot see the whole which these particles compose. We cannot see the energy which operates the world, and we cannot see the thoughts that direct the energy. What we can see amounts to very little, indeed, and we have little understanding of what little we do see. We can see, but we don't perceive.

# The 1948 Bollingen Prize in Poetry Controversy

RICHARD DAILY

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

THE BOLLINGEN PRIZE IN POETRY, INCORRECTLY ENTITLED the Bollingen-Library of Congress Award in several articles in the *Saturday Review of Literature* and other periodicals, was established in 1948 through a grant from the Bollingen Foundation, the president of which was Mr. Paul Mellon. Funds for the establishment of the prize were sought from the Foundation by the Fellows in American Letters and the Library of Congress because the Foundation had already indicated its interest in poetry through a gift of funds for a series of poetry record albums.<sup>1</sup> The selection of the recipient of the \$1000 award was left to the Fellows in American Letters of the United States Library of Congress. These Fellows are appointed by the Librarian of Congress and serve without compensation other than expenses. At the time of the 1949 Bollingen Prize selection, the group consisted of Leonie Adams, Conrad Aiken, W. H. Auden, Louise Bogan, Katherine Garrison Chapin, T. S. Eliot, Paul Green, Robert Lowell, Katherine Anne Porter, Karl Shapiro, Theodore Spenser, Allen Tate, Willard Thorp, and Robert Penn Warren. Archibald MacLeish and William Carlos Williams became the fellows after the selection but before the controversy.<sup>2</sup>

The Fellows also established a criterion for the award and the method of selection. The criterion decided upon limited the prize to the American citizen, not a member of the jury, who produced the best book of verse published during 1948, and it was decided to withhold the award if no deserving work appeared. Fifteen volumes were nominated by the Fellows in letters mailed from scattered addresses to the Fellows' secretary for the Bollingen prize, and another volume was nominated orally. At the annual meeting of the Fellows the list of nominations was reduced to four, and a ballot taken on the four resulted in eight first places for Pound's *Pisan Cantos*, two first places for another book, and two abstentions. A later letter ballot gave ten first places to Ezra Pound and two first places to the other volume, which also received nine second-place votes.<sup>3</sup>

The announcement of the 1948 Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound for his *Pisan Cantos*, published in New York by New Directions, was made on February 20, 1949. The press release was accompanied by a statement from the Fellows in American Letters of the Library of Congress:

<sup>1</sup> *The Case Against the Saturday Review of Literature* (Chicago: Poetry, 1949), p. 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 29.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 21-23.

The Fellows are aware that objections may be made to awarding a prize to a man situated as is Mr. Pound. . . . To permit other considerations that that of poetic achievement . . . would in principle deny the validity of that objective perception of value on which any civilized society must rest.<sup>4</sup>

This statement was an indication that the Fellows were not only aware of objections but were also expecting them to be made public, for some of their own number had already made it plain that they did not concur in the decision and were determined to express their views.

Ezra Pound had been a controversial figure for almost half a century. His poetry expressed economic and political ideas which did not meet the approval of many of his countrymen. At the time of the award, he was under indictment for treason for radio broadcasts he had made to Italian soldiers during World War II. He has since been adjudged insane, committed to Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., and released after almost ten years of confinement.

Except for brief comments in poetry magazines of small circulation and as filler material on editorial pages, the issue lay dormant for over three months. Then objections, not only to the recipient but also to the Fellows in American Letters, the Library of Congress, modern poets in general, and T. S. Eliot in particular, were made by Robert Hillyer, an American poet and a Pulitzer Prize winner. Mr. Hillyer, in two separate articles in the *Saturday Review of Literature*,<sup>5</sup> articles for which the magazine specifically took editorial responsibility and liability, cast a general indictment on all concerned with the Bollingen Prize.

The first contention of Mr. Hillyer was that T. S. Eliot headed the clique of personal friends and proteges of Ezra Pound who awarded the prize to the literary figure as a token of their personal admiration. Mr. Hillyer stated, "Eliot undoubtedly wielded great influence in an award which, under the auspices of the Library of Congress, degraded American poetry and insulted her dead,"<sup>6</sup> and a week later he reiterated and expanded the statement:

Half the committee were disciples of Pound and Eliot and sympathetic to a group which has a genuine power complex. The performance of the Bollingen committee is disagreeably reminiscent of what happens when a dictatorial will moves through a group wherein right and wrong are no longer clearly distinguishable.<sup>7</sup>

Mr. Hillyer's view was shared by Karl Shapiro, American's outstanding poet of World War II, who was also against the award:

<sup>4</sup> Quoted by Peter Viereck, "Parnassus Divided," *The Atlantic Monthly*, CLXXXIV, No. 4 (October 1949), p. 70.

<sup>5</sup> "Treason's Strange Fruit; the Case of Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award," June 11, 1949, and "Poetry's New Priesthood," June 18, 1949.

<sup>6</sup> Robert Hillyer, "Treason's Strange Fruit; the Case of Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 24 (June 11, 1949), p. 28.

<sup>7</sup> Hillyer, "Poetry's New Priesthood," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 25 (June 18, 1949), p. 38.



The jury that elected Pound was made up partly of Pound's contemporaries, those who had come under his influence as impresario and teacher, those who had at some time made declarations of political reaction, and those who had engaged in the literary struggle to dissociate art from social injustice. The presence of Mr. Eliot at the meetings gave these facts a reality which perhaps inhibited open discussion. For reasons of personal loyalty, which one must respect, and for reasons of sectarian literary loyalty, which one may or may not respect, few poets anywhere are in a position to say what they really think of Pound's work.<sup>8</sup>

This contention was refuted in the Statement of the Fellows<sup>9</sup> on the grounds that Mr. Eliot neither initiated the award nor attempted to influence other members of the jury to vote for the *Pisan Cantos*. In fact, he turned in no nominations for the award. The statement also holds that it cannot possibly be sustained by examination or critical estimate of the committee's work that any one juror is a disciple of either Pound or Eliot. Influences may be present, but the absence of influences would indicate an indifference to the literary development of the time.

The Librarian of Congress, Luther H. Evans, although personally not in agreement with the award, expressed great concern with the statements about the Fellows and the Library:

The insinuation [of being politically motivated members of a clique or a school or a particular esthetic group, or of being under the domination of any individual] which has been made is very damaging to the Fellows and to the Library of Congress, since it amounts to a charge that the Fellows have not acted, as they were charged to act, as public servants, but rather that they have abused the authority entrusted to them for evil ends. I think evidence should be produced, rather than pure supposition, to sustain such an insinuation.<sup>10</sup>

A second contention of Mr. Hillyer and of the *Saturday Review of Literature* was that the *Pisan Cantos* are simply not good poetry. This was based on the belief that the poems were generally unreadable and contained allusions known only to Pound:

It may be stated flatly that the *Pisan Cantos* are so disordered as to make the award seem like a hoax. If they are poetry at all, then everything we have previously known as poetry must have been something false. In no sense are they a work 'of an extremely high order,' as Karl Shapiro maintained even when dissenting from the committee's decision. In general, they are merely the landslide from the kitchen-midden of a heart long dead: broken memories, jagged bits of spite, splinters of a distorting glass wherein the world is seen as it is not, a hodge-podge of private symbols, weary epigrams, anecdotes, resentments, chuckles, and the polyglot malapropisms that pass for erudition among the elite.<sup>11</sup>

Norman Cousins and Harrison Smith editorially supported this view in the *Saturday Review*:

<sup>8</sup> Quoted by Viereck, p. 38.

<sup>9</sup> Statement of the Committee of the Fellows of the Library of Congress in American Letters. This statement was published in *The Case Against the Saturday Review of Literature*, pp. 1-19.

<sup>10</sup> Luther H. Evans, "A Letter from the Librarian of Congress," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 27 (July 2, 1949), p. 22.

<sup>11</sup> Hillyer, "Treasure's Strange Fruit," p. 11.

But even if all political aspects, pro and con, are brushed aside, the fact remains that the *Pisan Cantos*, for the most part, seem to us to be less poetry than a series of word games and hidden allusions which, however they may delight certain of Pound's followers, are hardly deserving of an award bearing the name of the United States Library of Congress.<sup>12</sup>

Paul Green, one of the judges responsible for awarding the prize to Pound,<sup>13</sup> was likewise baffled by the poems:

The *Pisan Cantos*, which won the prize, strike me as being a volatile fever-fret of wordage. And I am bullheaded enough to believe that most any loquacious and smattering-linguaged literary practitioner hereabouts could fire off a volume of equal worth within a few weeks.

Since I can't make heads or tails of the *Pisan Cantos*—suspecting they are all tail and no head—I am unable to interpret them for the reading public. The ravings in Pound's volume are as unintelligible to me as was the voting of the some eight gifted men who declared they were good.<sup>14</sup>

Even the *New York Times* felt that the *Cantos* were "the latest in a long series of rambling comments on life and politics, some of them so cryptic that some readers found them unintelligible, many of them requiring lengthy explanations of their meanings."<sup>15</sup>

However, some readers besides the Fellows in American Letters felt the *Pisan Cantos* to be great poetry. Lloyd Frankenberg ranked them "among the most difficult and most rewarding long poems of our time."<sup>16</sup> Hayden Carruth considered that "the *Pisan Cantos*, in spite of being imperfect and perhaps degenerate in such technical elements as organization, control and integration, was incontrovertibly the best eligible volume [of poetry during 1948]."<sup>17</sup>

Mr. Hillyer's third contention was that poetic content must be responsible to the politic beliefs of the area and the age. This contention was probably more important and more controversial than his first two, for it deals not just with Mr. Pound, Mr. Eliot, or the Fellows in American Letters, but rather with all poetry and all poets. Cousins and Smith strongly supported Hillyer's stand on this point:

But while one must divorce politics from art, it is quite another matter to use the word 'politics' as a substitute for values. We do not believe, in short, that art has nothing to do with values. We do not believe that what a poet says is necessarily of lesser importance than the way he says it. We do not believe that a poet can shatter ethics and values and still be a good poet. We do not believe that poetry can convert words into maggots that eat at human dignity and

<sup>12</sup> Norman Cousins and Harrison Smith, "Editor's Note," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 25 (June 18, 1949), p. 7.

<sup>13</sup> Green abstained from the final ballot. *The Case Against the Saturday Review*, p. 23.

<sup>14</sup> Quoted by Cousins and Smith, "Ezra Pound and the Bollingen Award," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 24 (June 11, 1949), p. 21.

<sup>15</sup> *The New York Times*, February 20, 1949, p. 14.

<sup>16</sup> Lloyd Frankenberg, "Ezra Pound—and His Magnum Opus," *New York Times Book Review*, August 1, 1948, p. 14.

<sup>17</sup> Hayden Carruth, "The Bollingen Award: What Is It?" *Poetry* LXXIV, No. 3 (June 1949), p. 156.

still be good poetry. We do not believe that the highest function of art is to deny and corrupt the values which make art possible.<sup>18</sup>

Karl Shapiro also supported this third contention of Hillyer's in disagreeing with the original statement of the Fellows. He felt the statement implied that "a poem is of such abstract and ethereal a fabric that its relation to the world of men is practically non-existent."<sup>19</sup>

An opposing view was held by Luther H. Evans:

I think you really ought to admit that the principal charge you wish to bring against Mr. Pound's poetry is not that it is form divorced from substance or art divorced from life but that it is a kind of substance which preaches a view of life which you do not like. . . . But the question of whether Pound's poetry is art, whether it is good poetry, is a different question.

In my many years of study and teaching in the field of political science I came to regard a political test for art and poetry as a sign of dictatorial, illiberal, undemocratic approach to matters of the mind.<sup>20</sup>

The articles of Mr. Hillyer, Mr. Cousins, and Mr. Smith must be considered together as a carefully planned attempt to drive home grievances held in common. The attitudes toward Ezra Pound and his poetry are understandable, but the criticism of poets in general and the Fellows in American Letters appears to be without legitimate basis.

To doubt the integrity of established literary figures simply because they hold opposing critical estimates of a single work seems illogical and unnecessary. Mr. Hillyer was irresponsible in his connection of the poets with fascism and conspiracy, and in his implications concerning other agencies and individuals. The questioning of the values of poetry is certainly legitimate, but it is confused when included with the other two contentions.

The *Saturday Review of Literature* exaggerated the few facts, refuted opposition by confusing issues and repeating the contentions without further explanation, and appeared to ignore letters from interested parties.<sup>21</sup> For these reasons, any legitimate serious argument about the issues must stem from better research and more knowledge than is apparent in Mr. Hillyer's articles or in the comments by Cousins and Smith. The Yale *Literary Magazine* was remarkably appropriate in its humor when it got out an issue called the *Shattering Review of Literature*, including recantations from "T. S. Elliott and Earnest Hemingway."<sup>22</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Cousins and Smith, "A Reply to Mr. Evans," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII, No. 27 (July 2, 1949), p. 22.

<sup>19</sup> Quoted by Hillyer, "Poetry's New Priesthood," p. 8.

<sup>20</sup> Evans, p. 22.

<sup>21</sup> Margaret Marshall, "The *Saturday Review* Unfair to Literature," *Nation* CLXIX, No. 25 (December 17, 1949), p. 598.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*



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## Paragraphs

The following two paragraphs are the introductory paragraphs of a theme by George Earl Stabler entitled "A Riot Manifesto." Are they effective? Why, or why not? How would you have approached the subject? You might compare them with other introductory paragraphs in this issue.

Much publicized and often greatly deplored are demonstrations by students of universities in all parts of the world. These demonstrations sometimes turn into riots, which may in turn spark a revolution. The Hungarian Revolution is an example of a student-initiated revolt, although in the end unsuccessful. *Zenkakuren* demonstration squads in Tokyo have certainly affected Japan's political life. Turkish students, however, have been the most successful, because they caused a change in government. The fact that students can, by rioting, accomplish a great deal has been firmly established by now.

In the United States university conflicts have centered on completely trivial items, which were used to release the energy stored up during long study. What could this energy be used for, instead of wasting it on water fights, Nazi flag-raising, fraternity rivalries, or other misguided activities? What is there that could be and should be changed?

# Rhet as Writ

Bourbon Street is popular not only with the patrons of the restaurants, nightclubs, and taverns but it is also a brooding ground for pickpockets and other gangsters.

The early retired person is occasionally a very wealthy person or a rather lazy person who does not possess the stigma to edge ahead.

As I read of the sorted tails of the evils of football—

Chemist are the backbone of the American Industry. Their salaries will always be higher than the average engineer.

" . . . I could see . . . my favorite dish, candid sweet potatoes."

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." Walden Thoreau is correct in making this statement.

Outside the palaces most of the people were pheasants; naturally, they were the lower class.

(In the book *Too Late the Phalarope*) Aunt Sophie is guilty of holding her piece when it should have been spoken.

The fraternity-sorority system at the University of Illinois exerts a definite influence on the student body, which should not exist.

"The letters published in the Daily Illini (about the Koch case) struck me as funny because of the reactions and discussions it illicitd among my friends."

Girls in college may not be trying to sell a product, but they are trying to sell themselves.

illiteracy—the inability to read or right.



## The Contributors

*Anthony Burba*—Waukegan

*Jane Lewis*—Lake Park

*Elizabeth C. Krohne*—York

*Michael Blum*—Walter Johnson High, Bethesda, Maryland

*David Richey*—Jersey Comm. High

*Michael Burnett*—American High School, Beirut, Lebanon

*Mark Johnson*—St. Peter, Minnesota

*Donald E. Martin*—Highland, Loves Park

*Jerry Sullivan*—Maine Township

*George Rotramel*—Litchfield

*George Reynolds*—Rova High, Oneida

*Richard Daily*—Du Quoin

## AWARDS

The following are the winners of the prizes or the five best themes in the last issue of the *Caldron*:

- First: *Donald L. Fox: The Language of Advertisement:  
The Sexual Approach*
- Second: *Ron Lindgren: On Huck Finn's Loneliness*
- Third: *Dennis Alan Weeks: My Country, Right and Wrong*
- Fourth: *Elizabeth Constance Krohne: The Day of the Three  
Dawns*
- Fifth: *Robert Rutter: Communion*

